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Presentation Memorial to Working Men.

ORATION

AT THE

RAISING OF "THE OLD FLAG" AT SUMTER;

AND

SERMON

ON THE

DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, PRESIDENT OF
THE UNITED STATES.

BY THE

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

MANCHESTER:

ALEXANDER IRELAND AND CO., PALL MALL COURT.

1865.

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This Memorial

IS

DEDICATED TO THOSE WORKING MEN,

WHO,

THROUGH EVIL REPORT AND GOOD REPORT,

AND IN TIMES OF TEMPORAL WANT OF NO ORDINARY KIND,

ESPOUSED THAT CAUSE,

AND MANFULLY SUPPORTED THOSE PRINCIPLES,

WHICH MUST EVENTUALLY SECURE TO EMANCIPATED LABOUR,

EVERYWHERE,

REAL LIBERTY AND TRUE JUSTICE;

AND IS

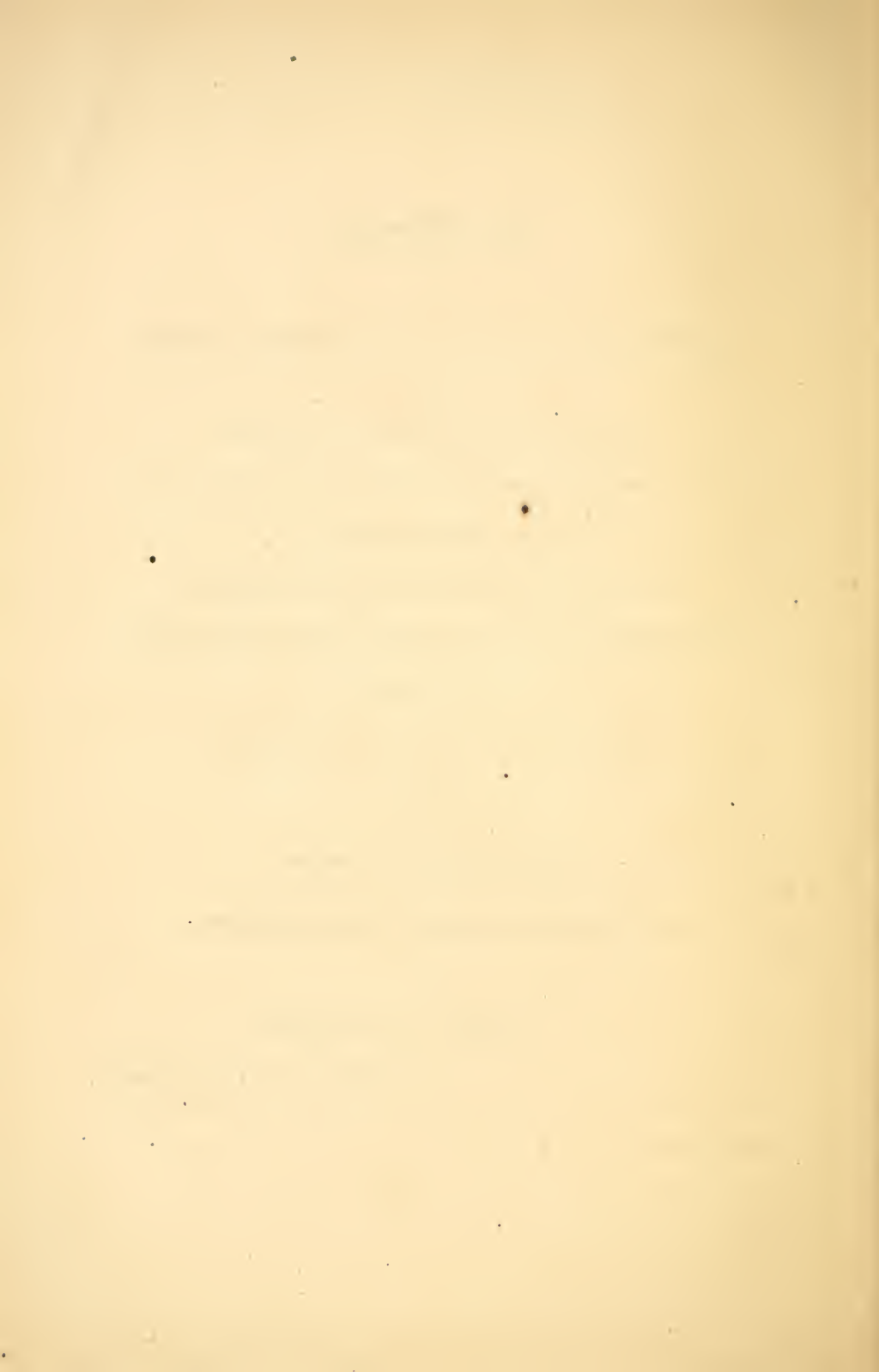
PRESENTED TO THEM,

AS A SIMPLE TOKEN OF HIGH ESTEEM,

BY

AMERICAN FRIENDS

RESIDENT IN MANCHESTER.



PREFATORY NOTES.

BY J. H. ESTCOURT.

THE slaveholders' rebellion was politically inaugurated on the 20th day of December, 1860, when South Carolina, that state of treason and of crime, passed her rebellious ordinance ; and actual war commenced with the shot fired by rebel troops on Fort Sumter, on the 14th day of April, 1861.

The address made on that memorable occasion by Governor Pickens will exhibit the purpose and arrogance of the rebel leaders, viz. :

“I hope to-morrow, Sabbath though it be, that under the protection of Providence, and under the orders of General Beauregard, “you shall have the proud gratification of seeing the Palmetto flag “raised upon that fortress, and the Confederate flag of these free and “independent States side by side with it ; and that they shall float for “ever in defiance of any power that man can bring against them. We “have humbled the flag of the United States, and as long as I have “the honour to preside as your chief magistrate, so help me God, “there is no power on this earth shall lower from that fortress these “flags, unless they be lowered and trailed in a sea of blood. It is the “first time in the history of this country that the stars and stripes “have been humbled. It has triumphed for seventy years, but to-day “it has been humbled, and humbled before the glorious little state of

“South Carolina. And I pronounce here before the civilized world, “your independence is baptized in blood, your independence is won, “and upon a glorious battle field, and you are free now and for ever, “in defiance of a world in arms.”

To South Carolina belongs the black record of first in treason and first in war against the authority of the beneficent Government of the United States.

From that fourteenth of April until now, the United States has been the object of a world's attention, for in its national perpetuity were centred the hopes and happiness of millions. The new world comprised, at the time of the rebellion, free men, habited to peace, education, and commerce ; and an oligarchy, maintained in wealth, position, and power, by the atrocious enslavement of their fellow-men, the sale of their own flesh and blood, the scourge, the lash, and the blood-hound.

When rebellion was actually made at Sumter, that oligarchy defied civilization, dared a world's censure, vowed it would make a new nation, whose foundation stone should be slavery ; prophesied that it would make of the continent of America a slave mart and a hunting ground, and would trail the national flag in blood and humiliation before the nations of the earth.

Upon such an infernal intent, the slaveholders besought the approval of civilized nations, and asked for recognition as an independent power. Failing in that, they, through their manifold agencies in this kingdom, sought to alienate the two free peoples of this country and America ; but in vain, for the common people rejected their insidious advances, spurned their ministers, and made common cause with their brethren of the free States. To carry out their arrogant and wicked purposes to the bitter end was all that was left them. Slavery then grappled with freedom for supremacy, and freedom conquered.

The review of the past four years reveals marvellous facts. When that shot was fired at Sumter, the free men of the nation woke up as

from a dream, cleared their vision, and saw distinctly the issues involved. Putting aside their peaceful pursuits ; hiding their love of home, and of friends ; subduing their personal fears ; and girding on the armour of patriotism ; they marched in thousands to the call of duty. An unskilled army 'tis true ; but brave, and faithful, and kindled with the love of country. Mid difficulties and dangers, defeated often, and as often returning to do battle, these free men ultimately acquired the art of war, and became so effective, that, with such a glorious cause to contend for, they in the space of four years subdued the largest rebellion ever known ; shattered to pieces the vilest oligarchy ; emancipated four millions of their coloured brethren ; secured for themselves and their posterity freedom and good government ; and established on broader foundations the national power and their country's weal.

In that circle of four years a change came over South Carolina, her glory was lost, her prestige destroyed, and her Sodom a ruin.

The fourteenth day of April was again made memorable in 1865, for on that day the old flag at Sumter was raised, to float over none but the free.

Charleston, the great slave mart, where wickedness had dwelt in high places, and whose stones were dyed with the blood of the slave, was on that day the scene of the most joyous triumph.

Abraham Lincoln, the good, the great, and the loving President, whose loss a world mourns, had, in conjunction with his cabinet, appointed General Robert Anderson, who commanded at Fort Sumter when the old flag was shot down, to rear it again on the fourth anniversary of its fall, and had ordained that an oration should be delivered by the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher.

Invitations, to accompany these representatives of the nation, had been sent to William Lloyd Garrison, Senator Wilson, Judge Kelly, Theodore Tilton, and about eighty other well known friends of emancipation, among whom George Thompson had the honour of being associated, a compliment as well to himself as to his country.

For the first time, then, in the history of America, noble men, renowned for their philanthropy and life-long labours in behalf of the oppressed, stood on the battery of Charleston, none daring to make them afraid. The sting was taken out of the hissing serpent of four years ago, and he lay dead at the feet of the people.

Thousands upon thousands wandered through that city of the plague, and greetings were exchanged between the white free men of the East and the free coloured men of the South: wonder and praise filled all hearts, and they recognised the guiding hand of God in the grand results of so wicked a rebellion.

The blackened and battered Sumter was the spot of enchantment, and towards it all the people voyaged. Although there were majestic men-of-war, monitors, gunboats, and noble vessels in the bay, yet there was one small vessel, called "The Planter," which attracted much and deserved attention. She had been brought out of the harbour of Charleston, right in front of the enemy's guns, and handed over to the naval squadron by a black man, named Robert Small. This brave man was made captain of "The Planter," and on this festive day she was freighted from stem to stern with crowds of his brethren, singing, that their jubilee had come, bound for Sumter, to take part in the raising of *their* flag, for they were now an integral part of the nation.

Sumter was great with its living population of joyous patriots. On a broad platform, ornamented with flowers, evergreens, and other fitting decorations, was reared the barren flagstaff high up in the air. The Rev. Matthias Harris, United States army chaplain, who was there four years ago, commenced the ceremony by prayer; after which Sergeant Hart, a faithful soldier, in whose care the "Old Flag" had been since its fall, unloosed it; and General Anderson, having hoisted it amid unbounded enthusiasm and salutes from batteries and fleet, spoke as follows:—

"My friends, and fellow-citizens, and brother soldiers,—By the

“considerate appointment of the honourable Secretary of War, I am
 “here to fulfil the cherished wish of my heart through four long, long
 “years of bloody war, to restore to its proper place this dear flag,
 “which floated here during peace, before the first act of this cruel
 “rebellion. I thank God that I have lived to see this day [great
 “applause], and to be here to perform this duty to my country. My
 “heart is filled with gratitude to that God who has so signally blessed
 “us, who has given us blessings beyond measure. May all the world
 “proclaim, ‘Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace; good-will
 “toward men.’ [Voices: Amen, and Amen.]”

The nation thus made known to the world that its unity was maintained, its entirety secured, and its sovereignty supreme.

Henry Ward Beecher then delivered the eloquent oration which forms the first portion of this Memorial. The spirit with which this great man entered upon the duties of the day is manifested by the following quotation from a lecture delivered to his congregation prior to his departure for Charleston:—“I would be no man’s servant
 “to go to add additional sorrows to those that already press and weigh
 “down the South. . . . I go to say to them, ‘Sound government
 “has come back; beneficent government has come back; the day has
 “dawned; and, as brethren to brethren, I come to bring you good
 “tidings of great joy.’”

“So ends the strife. The rebel’s guns are mute;

“The loyal squadron their old flag salute;

“The veteran sailor and the young recruit

“Their deafening cheerings pour:

“Prone drops the flag from yonder rebel mast;

“Soon to the breeze the Union stars are cast;

“Avenged is Sumter’s humbled flag at last,

“On Carolina’s shore,

“The freemen shout, ‘Our flag for evermore!’”

MANCHESTER,

May 25, 1865.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
 FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENTS TO THE PRESENT
 BY
 HENRY REEVE
 VOL. I
 NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY
 J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO. 15 N. 2ND ST.
 1854

THE HISTORY OF
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ORATION

OF THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, ON THE RAISING
OF "THE OLD FLAG" AT SUMTER, APRIL 14, 1865.

ON this solemn and joyful day, we again lift to the breeze our fathers' flag, now, again, the banner of *the United States*, with the fervent prayer that God will crown it with honour, protect it from treason, and send it down to our children with all the blessings of civilization, liberty, and religion. Terrible in battle, may it be beneficent in peace! Happily no bird or beast of prey has been inscribed upon it. The stars that redeem the night from darkness, and the beams of red light that beautify the morning, have been united upon its folds. As long as the sun or the stars endure, may it wave over a nation neither enslaved nor enslaving. (Great applause.) Once, and but once, has treason dishonoured it. In that insane hour, when the guiltiest and bloodiest rebellion of time hurled its fires upon this fort, you, sir, [turning to General Anderson,] and a small heroic band, stood within these now crumbled walls, and did gallant and just battle for the honour and defence of the nation's banner. (Applause.)

In that cope of fire this glorious flag still peacefully waved to the breeze above your head, unconscious of harm as the stars and skies above it. Once it was shot down. A gallant hand, in whose care it has this day been, plucked it from the ground, and reared it again—"cast down, but not destroyed." After a vain resistance, with trembling hand and sad heart,

you withdrew it from its height, closed its wings, and bore it far away, to sleep amid the tumults of rebellion and the thunder of battle. The first act of war had begun. The long night of four years had set in. While the giddy traitors whirled in a maze of exhilaration, dim horrors were already advancing that were ere long to fill the land with blood.

To-day you are returned again. We devoutly join with you in thanksgiving to Almighty God that He has spared your honoured life, and vouchsafed to you the glory of this day. The heavens over you are the same; the same shores are here; morning and evening come, as they did. All else, how changed! What grim batteries crowd the burdened shores! What scenes have filled this air and disturbed these waters! These shattered heaps of shapeless stone are all that is left of Fort Sumter. Desolation broods in yonder sad city: solemn retribution hath avenged our dishonoured banner. You, who departed hence four years ago, leaving the air sultry with fanaticism, have come back with honour. The surging crowds that rolled up their frenzied shouts, as the flag came down, are dead, or scattered, or silent, and their habitations are desolate. Ruin sits in the cradle of treason. Rebellion has perished. But there flies the same flag that was insulted. (Great and prolonged applause.) With starry eyes it looks all over this bay for that banner that supplanted it, and sees it not. (Applause.) You that then, for the day, were humbled, are here again, to triumph once and for ever. (Applause.) In the storm of that assault this glorious ensign was often struck; but, memorable fact, not one of its *stars* was torn out by shot or shell. (Applause.) It was a prophecy. It said, "Not one state shall be struck from this nation by treason." (Applause.) The fulfilment is at hand. Lifted to the air, to-day, it proclaims that, after four years of war, "Not a state is blotted out!" (Applause.)

Hail to the flag of our fathers, and our flag! Glory to the banner that has gone through four years black with tempests of

war, to pilot the nation back to peace without dismemberment! And glory be to God, who, above all hosts and banners, hath ordained victory, and shall ordain peace! (Applause.)

Wherefore have we come hither, pilgrims from distant places? Are we come to exult that Northern hands are stronger than Southern? No; but to rejoice that the hands of those who defend a just and beneficent government are mightier than the hands that assaulted it! (Applause.) Do we exult over fallen cities? We exult that a nation has not fallen. (Applause.) We sorrow with the sorrowful. We sympathise with the desolate. We look upon this shattered fort, and yonder dilapidated city, with sad eyes, grieved that men should have committed such treason, and glad that God hath set such a mark upon treason that all ages shall dread and abhor it. (Applause.)

We exult, not for a passion gratified, but for a sentiment victorious; not for temper, but for conscience; not as we devoutly believe that *our* will is done, but that God's will hath been done! We should be unworthy of that liberty intrusted to our care, if, on such a day as this, we sullied our hearts by feelings of aimless vengeance; and equally unworthy, if we did not devoutly thank him who hath said, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord," that he hath set a mark upon arrogant Rebellion, ineffaceable while time lasts!

Since this flag went down on that dark day, who shall tell the mighty woes that have made this land a spectacle to angels and men? The soil has drunk blood, and is glutted. Millions mourn for millions slain, or, envying the dead, pray for oblivion. Towns and villages have been razed. Fruitful fields have turned back to wilderness. It came to pass, as the prophet said: "The sun was turned to darkness and the moon to blood." The course of law was ended. The sword sat chief magistrate in half the nation; industry was paralyzed; morals corrupted; the public weal invaded by rapine and anarchy; whole states ravaged by avenging armies. The

world was amazed. The earth reeled. When the flag sunk here, it was as if political night had come, and all beasts of prey had come forth to devour.

That long night is ended ! And for this returning day we have come from afar, to rejoice and give thanks. No more war. No more accursed secession ! *No more slavery, that spawned them, both !* (Great applause.)

Let no man misread the meaning of this unfolding flag ! It says, "Government hath returned hither." It proclaims, in the name of vindicated government, peace and protection to loyalty ; humiliation and pains to traitors. This is the flag of sovereignty. The nation, *not the states*, is sovereign. Restored to authority, this flag commands, not supplicates.

There may be pardon, but no concession. (Great applause.) There may be amnesty and oblivion, but no honied compromises. (Applause.) The nation to-day has peace for the peaceful, and war for the turbulent. (Applause.) The only condition of submission, is, *to submit !* (Laughter and applause.) There is the Constitution, there are the laws, there is the Government. They rise up like mountains of strength that shall not be moved. *They are the conditions of peace.*

One nation, under one Government, without slavery, has been ordained, and shall stand. There can be peace on no other basis. On this basis reconstruction is easy, and needs neither architect nor engineer. Without this basis no engineer or architect shall ever reconstruct these rebellious states.

We do not want your cities or your fields. We do not envy you your prolific soil, nor heavens full of perpetual summer. Let agriculture revel here ; let manufactures make every stream twice musical ; build fleets in every port ; inspire the arts of peace with genius second only to that of Athens ; and we shall be glad in your gladness, and rich in your wealth.

All that we ask is unswerving loyalty, and universal liberty. (Applause.) And that, in the name of this *high sovereignty*

of the United States of America, we demand ; and that, with the blessing of Almighty God, *we will have!* (Great applause.)

We raise our father's banner that it may bring back better blessings than those of old ; that it may cast out the devil of discord ; that it may restore lawful government, and a prosperity purer and more enduring than that which it protected before ; that it may win parted friends from their alienation ; that it may inspire hope, and inaugurate universal liberty ; that it may say to the sword, "*Return to thy sheath,*" and to the plow and sickle, "*Go forth ;*" that it may heal all jealousies, unite all policies, inspire a new national life, compact our strength, purify our principles, ennoble our national ambitions, and make this people great and strong, not for aggression and quarrelsomeness, but for *the peace of the world*, giving to us the glorious prerogative of leading all nations to juster laws, to more humane policies, to sincerer friendship, to rational, instituted civil liberty, and to universal Christian brotherhood.

Reverently, piously, in hopeful patriotism, we unfurl this banner, as of old the bow was spread on the cloud, and, with solemn fervour, beseech God to look upon it, and make it the memorial of an everlasting covenant, and decree that never again on this fair land shall a deluge of blood prevail. (Applause.)

Why need any eye turn from this spectacle ? Are there not associations which, overleaping the recent past, carry us back to times when, over North and South, this flag was honoured alike by all ? In all our colonial days we were one ; in the long Revolutionary struggle, and in the scores of prosperous years succeeding we were united. When the passage of the Stamp Act in 1765 aroused the colonies, it was Gadsden, of South Carolina, that cried with prescient enthusiasm : "*We stand on the broad common ground of those natural rights that we all feel and know as men.*" "There ought to be no New England man, no New Yorker,

“known on this continent, but all of us, AMERICANS.” That *was* the voice of South Carolina. That *shall be* the voice of South Carolina. Faint is the echo; but it is coming. We now hear it sighing sadly through the pines; but it shall yet break in thunder upon the shore, no North, no West, no South, but the United States of America. (Applause.)

There is scarcely a man born in the South who has lifted his hand against this banner but had a father who would have died for it. Is memory dead? Is there no historic pride? Has a fatal fury struck blindness or hate into eyes that used to look kindly toward each other; that read the same Bible; that hung over the historic pages of our national glory; that studied the same Constitution?

Let this uplifting bring back all of the past that was good, but leave in darkness all that was bad.

It was never before so wholly unspotted; so clear of all wrong; so purely and simply the sign of Justice and Liberty. Did I say that we brought back the same banner that you bore away, noble and heroic sir? It is not the same. It is more and better than it was. The land is free from slavery, since that banner fell.

When God would prepare Moses for emancipation, he overthrew his first steps, and drove him for forty years to brood in the wilderness. When our flag came down, four years it lay brooding in darkness. It cried to the Lord, “Wherefore am I deposed?” Then arose before it a vision of its sin. It had strengthened the strong, and forgotten the weak. It proclaimed liberty, but trod upon slaves.

In that seclusion it dedicated itself to liberty. Behold, to-day, it fulfills its vows! When it went down four million people had no flag. To-day it rises, and four million people cry out, “Behold *our* flag!” Hark! they murmur. It is the Gospel that they recite in sacred words: “It is a Gospel to the poor, it heals our broken hearts, it preaches deliverance to captives, it gives sight to the blind, it sets at liberty them

that are bruised." Rise up, then, glorious Gospel banner, and roll out these messages of God. Tell the air that not a spot now sullies thy whiteness. Thy red is not the blush of shame, but the flush of joy. Tell the dews that wash thee that thou art pure as they. Say to the night, that thy stars lead toward the morning; and to the morning, that a brighter day arises with healing in its wings. And then, oh glowing flag; bid the sun pour light on all thy folds with double brightness while thou art bearing round and round the world the solemn joy—a race set free! a nation redeemed!

The mighty hand of Government, made strong in war, by the favour of the God of Battles, spreads wide to-day the banner of liberty that went down in darkness, that arose in light; and there it streams, like the sun above it, neither parcelled out nor monopolised, but flooding the air with light for all mankind. Ye scattered and broken, ye wounded and dying, bitten by the fiery serpents of oppression, everywhere, in all the world, look upon this sign, lifted up, and live! And ye homeless and houseless slaves, look, and ye are free! At length, *you*, too, have part and lot in this glorious ensign, that broods with impartial love over small and great, the poor and the strong, the bond and the free.

In this solemn hour, let us pray for the quick coming of reconciliation and happiness under this common flag!

But, we must build again, from the foundations, in all these now free Southern States. No cheap exhortations "to forgetfulness of the past, to restore all things as they were," will do. God does not stretch out his hand, as he has for four dreadful years, that men may easily forget the might of his terrible acts. Restore things as they were? What! the alienations and jealousies? the discords and contentions, and the causes of them? No. In that solemn sacrifice on which a nation has offered up for its sins so many precious victims, loved and lamented, let our sins and mistakes be consumed utterly and for ever.

No, never again shall things be restored as before the war. It is written in God's decree, "Old things are passed away." That new earth, in which dwelleth righteousness, draws near.

Things as they were! Who has an omnipotent hand to restore a million dead, slain in battle, or wasted by sickness, or dying of grief, broken-hearted? Who has omniscience to search for the scattered ones? Who shall restore the lost to broken families? Who shall bring back the squandered treasure, the years of industry wasted, and convince you that four years of guilty rebellion and cruel war are no more than dirt upon the hand, which a moment's washing removes, and leaves the hand clean as before? Such a war reaches down to the very vitals of society.

Emerging from such a prolonged rebellion, he is blind who tells you that the State, by a mere amnesty and benevolence of Government, can be put again, by a simple decree, in its old place. It would not be honest, it would not be kind or fraternal, for me to pretend that Southern revolution against the Union has not reacted and wrought revolution in the Southern States themselves, and inaugurated a new dispensation.

Society here is like a broken loom, and the piece which rebellion put in, and was weaving, has been cut, and every thread broken. You must put in new warp and new woof, and, weaving anew, as the fabric slowly unwinds, we shall see in it no Gorgon figures, no hideous grotesques of the old barbarism, but the figures of liberty, vines and golden grains, framing in the heads of Justice, Love, and Liberty!

The august convention of 1787 framed the Constitution with this memorable preamble: "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain this Constitution for the United States of America."

Again, in the awful convention of war, the people of the United States, for the very ends just recited, have debated, settled, and ordained certain fundamental truths, which must henceforth be accepted and obeyed. Nor is any state, or any individual, wise who shall disregard them. They are to civil affairs what the natural laws are to health—indispensable conditions of peace and happiness.

What are the ordinances given by the people, speaking out of fire and darkness of war, with authority inspired by that same God who gave the law from Sinai amid thunders and trumpet voices?

1. That these United States shall be one and indivisible.
2. That States have not absolute sovereignty, and have no right to dismember the Republic.
3. That universal liberty is indispensable to Republican Government, and that slavery shall be utterly and for ever abolished!

Such are the results of war. These are the best fruits of the war. They are worth all they have cost. They are foundations of peace. They will secure benefits to all nations as well as to ours.

Our highest wisdom and duty is to accept the facts as the decrees of God. We are exhorted to forget all that has happened. Yes, the wrath, the conflict, the cruelty, but not those overruling decrees of God which this war has pronounced. As solemnly as on Mount Sinai, God says, "*Remember! Remember!* Hear it to-day." Under this sun, under that bright child of the sun, our banner, with the eyes of this nation and of the world upon us, we repeat the syllables of God's Providence and recite the solemn decrees: **NO MORE DISUNION! NO MORE SECESSION! NO MORE SLAVERY!**

Why did this civil war begin? We do not wonder that European statesmen failed to comprehend this conflict, and that foreign philanthropists were shocked at a murderous

war that seemed to have had no moral origin, but, like the brutal fights of beasts of prey, to have sprung from ferocious animalism. This great nation,—filling all profitable latitudes, cradled between two oceans, with inexhaustible resources, with riches increasing in an unparalleled ratio, by agriculture, by manufactures, by commerce, with schools and churches, with books and newspapers thick as leaves in our own forests, with institutions sprung from the people and peculiarly adapted to their genius;—a nation not sluggish, but active, used to excitement, practical in political wisdom and accustomed to self-government, and all its vast outlying parts held together by a federal government mild in temper, gentle in administration, and beneficent in results,—seemed to have been formed for peace.

All at once, in this hemisphere of happiness and hope, there came drooping clouds with fiery bolts, full of death and desolation. At a cannon shot upon this fort, the nation, as if it had been a trained army lying on its arms, awaiting a signal, rose up and began a war of defence which, for awfulness, rises into the first rank of eminence. The front of battle, going with the sun, was twelve hundred miles long; and the depth, measured along a meridian, was a thousand miles. In this vast area more than two million men, first and last, for four years, have, in skirmish, fight, and battle, met in more than a thousand conflicts; while a coast and river line, not less than four thousand miles in length, has swarmed with fleets, freighted with artillery. The very industry of the country seemed to have been touched by some infernal wand, and, with sudden wheel, changed its front from peace to war. The anvils of the land beat like drums. As out of the ooze emerge monsters, so from our mines and foundries uprose new and strange iron-clad machines of war.

And so, in a nation of peaceful habits, without external provocation, there arose such a storm of war as blackened the whole horizon and hemisphere. What wonder that foreign

observers stood amazed at this fanatical fury that seemed without divine guidance, and inspired wholly with infernal frenzy ?

The explosion was sudden, but the train had long been laid. We must consider the condition of Southern society, if we would understand the mystery of this iniquity. Society in the South resolves itself into three divisions, more sharply distinguished than in any other part of the nation. At the base is the labouring class, made up of slaves. Next is the middle class, made up of traders, small farmers, and poor men. The lower edge of this class touches the slave, and the upper edge reaches up to the third and ruling class. This class was a small minority in numbers, but in practical ability they had centred in their hands the whole government of the South, and had mainly governed the country.

Upon this polished, cultured, exceedingly capable, and wholly unprincipled class, rests the whole burden of this war. Forced up by the bottom-heat of slavery, the ruling class, in all the disloyal states, arrogated to themselves a superiority not compatible with republican equality, nor with just morals. They claimed a right of pre-eminence. An evil prophet arose, who trained these wild and luxuriant shoots of ambition to the shapely form of a political philosophy.

By its re-agents they precipitated labour to the bottom of society, and left at the top what they thought to be a clarified fluid. In their political economy, labour was to be *owned* by capital. In their theory of government, a few were to rule the many. They boldly avowed, not the fact alone, that, under all forms of government, the few rule the many, but their *right* and *duty* to do so. Set free from the necessity of labour, they conceived a contempt for those who felt its wholesome regimen. Believing themselves fore-ordained to supremacy, they regarded the popular vote, when it failed to register their wishes, as an intrusion and a nuisance. They were born in a garden, and popular liberty,

like freshets over-swelling their banks, covered their dainty walks and flowers with the slime and mud—of democratic votes. (Applause.)

When, with shrewd observation, they saw the growth of the popular element in the Northern states, they instinctively took in the inevitable events. It must be controlled or cut off from a nation governed by gentlemen! Their power to control that popular element became less every decade; and they prepared secretly and earnestly, with wide conference and mutual connivance, to separate the South from the North.

We are to distinguish between the pretended and the real causes of this war.

To inflame and unite the great middle class of the South, who had no interest in separation and no business with war, they alleged grievances that never existed, and employed arguments which they, better than all other men, knew to be specious and false. Slavery itself was cared for only as an instrument of power, or of excitement. They had unalterably fixed their eye upon empire, and all was good which would secure that, and bad which hindered it.

Thus, the ruling class of the South—an aristocracy as intense, proud, and inflexible as ever existed—not limited either by customs or institutions, not recognised and adjusted in the regular order of society, playing a reciprocal part in its machinery, but secret, disowning its own existence, baptised with the ostentatious name of democracy, obsequious to the people for the sake of governing them; this nameless, lurking aristocracy, that ran in the blood of society like a rash, not yet come to the skin; this political tapeworm, that produced nothing, but lay coiled in the body, feeding on its nutriment, and holding the whole structure to be but a servant set up to nourish it—this aristocracy of the plantation, with firm and deliberate resolve, brought on the war, that they might cut the land in two, and, clearing themselves from *incorrigible free society, set up a sterner, statelier*

empire, where slaves worked that gentlemen might live at ease. Nor can there be any doubt that though, at first, they meant to erect the form of republican government, this was but a device; a step necessary to the securing of that power by which they should be able to change the whole economy of society.

That they never dreamed of such a war, we may well believe. That they would have accepted it, though twice as bloody, if only thus they could rule, none can doubt that knows the temper of these worst men of modern society. (Applause.) But they miscalculated. They understood the people of the South; but they were totally incapable of understanding the character of the great working classes of the loyal states. That industry which is the foundation of independence, and so of equity, they stigmatised as stupid drudgery, or as mean avarice. That general intelligence and independence of thought which schools for the common people and newspapers breed, they reviled as the incitement of unsettled zeal, running easily into fanaticism.

They more thoroughly misunderstood the profound sentiment of loyalty, and the deep love of country which pervaded the common people. If those who knew them best, had never suspected the depth and power of that loyalty and love which threw them into an agony of grief when the flag was here humbled, how should *they* conceive of it, who were wholly disjoined from them in sympathy? The whole land rose up, you remember, when the flag came down, as if inspired unconsciously by the breath of the Almighty, and the power of Omnipotence. It was as when one pierces the banks of the Mississippi for a rivulet and the whole raging stream plunges through with head-long course. There they calculated, and *mis-calculated*!

And more than all, they miscalculated the bravery of men who have been trained under law, who are civilized and hate personal brawls, who are so protected by society as to

have dismissed all thought of self-defence, the whole force of whose life is turned to peaceful pursuits. These arrogant conspirators against government, with Chinese vanity, believed that they could blow away the self-respecting citizens as chaff from the battle field. Few of them are left alive to ponder their mistake !

Here, then, are the roots of this civil war. It was not a quarrel of wild beasts, it was an inflection of the strife of ages, between power and right, between ambition and equity. An armed band of pestilent conspirators sought the nation's life. Her children rose up and fought at every door, and room, and hall, to thrust out the murderers, and save the house and household. It was not legitimately a war *between the common people* of the North and South. The war was set on by the ruling class, the aristocratic conspirators of the South. They suborned the common people with lies, with sophistries, with cruel deceits and slanders, to fight for secret objects which they abhorred, and against interests as dear to them as their own lives.

I charge the whole guilt of this war upon the ambitious, educated, plotting, political leaders of the South. (Applause.) They have shed this ocean of blood. They have desolated the South. They have poured poverty through all her towns and cities. They have bewildered the imagination of the people with phantasms, and led them to believe that they were fighting for their homes and liberty, whose homes were unthreatened, and whose liberty was in no jeopardy.

These arrogant instigators of civil war have renewed the plagues of Egypt, not that the oppressed might go free, but that the free might be oppressed. A day will come when God will reveal judgment, and arraign at His bar these mighty miscreants ; and then, every orphan that their bloody game has made, and every widow that sits sorrowing, and every maimed and wounded sufferer, and every bereaved heart in all the wide regions of this land, will rise up and come before

the Lord to lay upon these chief culprits of modern history their awful witness. And from a thousand battle fields shall rise up armies of airy witnesses, who, with the memory of their awful sufferings, shall confront these miscreants with shrieks of fierce accusation; and every pale and starved prisoner shall raise his skinny hand in judgment. Blood shall call out for vengeance, and tears shall plead for justice, and grief shall silently beckon, and love, heart-smitten, shall wail for justice. Good men and angels will cry out, "How long, oh Lord, how long, wilt thou not avenge?"

And then, these guiltiest and most remorseless traitors, these high and cultured men with might and wisdom, used for the destruction of their country; these most detested of all criminals, that have drenched a continent in needless blood, and moved the foundations of their times with hideous crimes and cruelty, shall be plunged downward for ever and for ever in an endless retribution; while God shall say, "Thus shall it be to all who betray their country;" and all in heaven and upon the earth will say "Amen!" (Voices: Amen! Amen!)

But for the people misled, for the multitudes drafted and driven into this civil war, *let not a trace of animosity remain.* (Applause.) The moment their willing hand drops the musket, and they return to their allegiance, then stretch out your own honest right hand to greet them. Recall to them the old days of kindness. Our hearts wait for their redemption. All the resources of a renovated nation shall be applied to rebuild their prosperity, and smooth down the furrows of war.

Has this long and weary period of strife been an unmingled evil? Has nothing been gained? Yes, much. This nation has attained to its manhood.

Among Indian customs is one which admits young men to the rank of warriors only after severe trials of hunger, fatigue, pain, endurance. They reach their station, not through years, but ordeals. Our nation has suffered, and now is strong.

The sentiment of loyalty and patriotism, next in importance to religion, has been rooted and grounded. We have something to be proud of, and pride helps love. Never so much as now did we love our country. (Great applause.)

But four such years of education in ideas, in the knowledge of political truth, in the lore of history, in the geography of our own country, almost every inch of which we have probed with the bayonet, have never passed before. There is half a hundred years' advance in four.

We *believed* in our institutions and principles before ; but now we *know* their power. It is one thing to look upon artillery, and be sure that it is loaded : it is another thing to prove its power in battle ! We believed in the hidden power stored in our institutions : we had never before seen this nation thundering like Mount Sinai at all those that worshipped the calf at the base of the mountain.

A people educated and moral are competent to all the exigencies of national life. A vote can govern better than a crown. We have proved it. (Applause.) A people intelligent and religious are strong in all economic elements. They are fitted for peace and competent to war. They are not easily inflamed, and, when justly incensed, not easily extinguished. They are patient in adversity, endure cheerfully needful burdens, tax themselves for real wants more royally than any prince would dare to tax his people. They pour forth without stint relief for the sufferings of war, and raise charity out of the realm of a dole into a munificent duty of beneficence.

The habit of industry among free men prepares them to meet the exhaustion of war with increase of productiveness commensurate with the need that exists. Their habits of skill enable them at once to supply such armies, as only freedom can muster, with arms and munitions such as only free industry can create. Free society is terrible in war, and afterwards repairs the mischief of war with celerity almost as great as that with which the ocean heals the seams gashed in it by the keel of ploughing ships.

Free society is fruitful of military genius. It comes when called : when no longer needed it falls back, as waves do to the level of the common sea, that no wave may be greater than the undivided water. With proof of strength so great, yet in its infancy, we stand up among the nations of the world, *asking no privileges, asserting no rights, but quietly assuming our place, and determined to be second to none in the race of civilization and religion.*

Of all nations, we are the most dangerous and the least to be feared. We need not expound the perils that wait upon enemies that assault us. They are sufficiently understood. But we are not a dangerous people because we are warlike. *All the arrogant attitudes of this nation, so offensive to foreign governments, were inspired by slavery,* under the administration of its minions. Our tastes, our habits, our interests, and our principles, incline us to the arts of peace.

This nation was founded *by* the common people *for* the common people. We are seeking to embody in public economy more liberty, with higher justice and virtue, than have been organized before. By the necessity of our doctrines, we are put in sympathy with the masses of men in all nations. It is not our business to subdue nations, but to augment the powers of the common people. The vulgar ambition of mere domination, as it belongs to universal human nature, may tempt us; but it is withstood by the whole force of our principles, our habits, our precedents, and our legends.

We acknowledge the obligation which our better political principles lay upon us to set an example more temperate, humane, and just, than monarchical governments can. *We will not suffer wrong, and, still less, will we inflict it upon other nations.* Nor are we concerned that so many, ignorant of our conflict, for the present misconceive the reasons of our invincible military zeal. "Why contend," say they, "for a little territory that you do not need?" *Because it is ours!* (Laughter and applause.) Because it is the interest of every

citizen to save it from becoming a fortress and refuge of iniquity. This nation is our house, and our fathers' house; and accursed be the man who will not defend it to the uttermost. (Applause.) More territory than we need? England, that is not large enough to be our pocket, may think that it is more than we need, because it is more than it needs; but we are better judges of what we need than others are.

Shall a philanthropist say to a banker, who defends himself against a robber, "Why do you need so much money?" But we will not reason with such questions. When any foreign nation will willingly divide its territory and give it cheerfully away, we will answer the question why we are fighting for territory!

At present—for I pass to the consideration of benefits that accrue to the South in distinction from the rest of the nation—the South reaps only suffering; but good seed lies buried under the furrows of war, that peace will bring to harvest.

1. Deadly doctrines have been purged away in blood. The subtle poison of secession was a perpetual threat of revolution. The sword has ended that danger. That which reason had affirmed as a philosophy, the people have settled as a fact. Theory pronounces, "There can be no permanent government where each integral particle has liberty to fly off." Who would venture upon a voyage on a ship, each plank and timber of which might withdraw at its pleasure? (Laughter, and applause.) But the people have reasoned by the logic of the sword and of the ballot, and they have declared that states are inseparable parts of national government. They are not sovereign. State rights remain; but *sovereignty is a right higher* than all others; and *that* has been made into a common stock for the benefit of all. (Applause.) All further agitation is ended. This element must be cast out of political problems. Henceforth that poison will not rankle in the blood.

2. Another thing has been learned : the rights and duties of minorities. The people of the whole nation are of more authority than the people of any section. These United States are supreme over Northern, Western, and Southern States. It ought not to have required the awful chastisement of this war to teach that a minority must submit the control of the nation's government to a majority. The army and navy have been good political schoolmasters. The lesson is learned. Not for many generations will it require further illustration.

3. No other lesson will be more fruitful of peace than the dispersion of those conceits of vanity, which, on either side, have clouded the recognition of the manly courage of all Americans. If it be a sign of manhood to be able to fight, then Americans are men. The North, certainly, is in no doubt whatever of the soldierly qualities of Southern men. Southern soldiers have learned that all latitudes breed courage on this continent. Courage is a passport to respect. The people of all the regions of this nation are likely hereafter to cherish a generous admiration of each other's prowess. The war has bred respect, and respect will breed affection, and affection peace and unity. (Applause.)

4. No other event of the war can fill an intelligent Southern man, of candid nature, with more surprise than the revelation of the capacity, moral and military, of the black race. It is a revelation indeed. No people were ever less understood by those most familiar with them. They were said to be lazy, lying, impudent, and cowardly wretches, driven by the whip alone to the tasks needful to their own support and the functions of civilization. They were said to be dangerous, bloodthirsty, liable to insurrection ; but four years of tumultuous distress and war have rolled across the area inhabited by them, and I have yet to hear of one authentic instance of the misconduct of a coloured man. They have been patient, and gentle, and docile, and full of faith and hope and piety ; and, when summoned to freedom, they have emerged with all

the signs and tokens that freedom will be to them what it was to us—the swaddling-band that shall bring them to manhood. And after the government, honouring them as men, summoned them to the field, when once they were disciplined, and had learned the arts of war, they proved themselves to be not second to their white brethren in arms. And when the roll of men that have shed their blood is called in the other land, many and many a dusky face will rise, dark no more when the light of eternal glory shall shine upon it from the throne of God !

5. The industry of the Southern States is regenerated, and now rests upon a basis that never fails to bring prosperity. Just now industry is collapsed ; but it is not dead. It sleepeth. It is vital yet. It will spring like mown grass from the roots that need but showers, and heat, and time, to bring them forth. Though, in many districts, this generation may not see the wanton wastes of self-invoked war repaired, and though many portions may lapse again to wilderness ; yet, in our lifetime we shall see states, as a whole, raised to a prosperity, vital, wholesome, and immovable.

6. The destruction of class interests, working with a religion which tends toward true democracy, in proportion as it is pure and free, will create a new era of prosperity for the common labouring people of the South. Upon them have come the labour, the toil, and the loss of this war. They have fought blindfolded. They have fought for a class that sought their degradation, while they were made to believe that it was for their own homes and altars. Their leaders meant a supremacy which would not long have left them political liberty, save in name. But their leaders are swept away. The sword has been hungry for the ruling classes. It has sought them out with remorseless zeal. New men are to rise up ; new ideas are to bud and blossom ; and there will be men with different ambition and altered policy.

7. Meanwhile, the South, no longer a land of plantations, but of farms ; no longer filled by slaves, but by freemen, will find no hindrance to the spread of education. Schools will multiply. Books and papers will spread. Churches will bless every hamlet. There is a good day coming for the South. Through darkness, and tears, and blood, she has sought it. It has been an unconscious *via dolorosa*. But in the end it will be worth all it has cost. Her institutions before were deadly ; she nourished death in her bosom ; the greater her secular prosperity, the more sure was her ruin ; and every year of delay but made the change more terrible. Now, by an earthquake, the evil is shaken down ; and her own historians, in a better day, shall write, that from the day the sword cut off the cancer, she began to find her health.

What, then, shall hinder the rebuilding of this Republic ? The evil spirit is cast out : why should not this nation cease to wander among tombs, cutting itself ? Why should it not come, clothed, and in its right mind, to “sit at the feet of Jesus ?” Is it feared that the Government will oppress the conquered states ? What possible motive has the Government to narrow the base of that pyramid on which its own permanence depends ?

Is it feared that the rights of the states will be withheld ? The South is not more jealous of state rights than the North. State rights, from the earliest colonial days, have been the peculiar pride and jealousy of New England. In every stage of national formation, it was peculiarly Northern, and not Southern, statesmen that guarded state rights as we were forming the constitution. But, *once united*, the *loyal states* gave up for ever *that* which had been *delegated to the National Government*. And now, in the hour of victory, the loyal states do not mean to trench upon Southern state rights. They will not do it or suffer it to be done. There is not to be one rule for high latitudes, and another for low. We take nothing from the Southern States that has not already been

taken from the Northern. The South shall have just those rights that every Eastern, every Middle, every Western State has—no more, no less.

We are not seeking our own aggrandizement by improving the South. Its prosperity is an indispensable element of our own. We have shown, by all that we have suffered in war, how great is our estimate of the Southern States of this Union; and we will measure that estimate, now, in peace, by still greater exertions for their rebuilding.

Will reflecting men not perceive, then, the wisdom of accepting established facts, and, with alacrity of enterprise, begin to retrieve the past?

Slavery cannot come back. It is the interest, therefore, of every man, to hasten its end. Do you want more war? Are you not yet weary of contest? Will you gather up the unexploded fragments of this prodigious magazine of all mischief, and heap them up for continued explosions? Does not the South need peace? And, since free labour is inevitable, will you have it in its worst forms or its best? Shall it be ignorant, impertinent, indolent? Or, shall it be educated, self-respecting, moral, and self-supporting? Will you have men as drudges, or will you have them as citizens? Since they have vindicated the Government, and cemented its foundation stones with their blood, may they not offer the tribute of their support to maintain its laws and its policy? It is better for religion; it is better for political integrity; it is better for industry; it is better for *money*—if you will have that ground-motive,—that you should educate the black man, and, by education, make him a citizen. (Applause.) They who refuse education to the black man would turn the South into a vast poorhouse, and labour into a pendulum, incessantly vibrating between poverty and indolence.

From this pulpit of broken stone we speak forth our earnest greeting to all our land.

We offer to the President of these United States our

solemn congratulations that God has sustained his life and health under the unparelled burdens and sufferings of four bloody years, and permitted him to behold this auspicious consummation of that national unity for which he has waited with so much patience and fortitude, and for which he has laboured with such disinterested wisdom. (Applause.)

To the members of the Government associated with him in the administration of perilous affairs in critical times ; to the Senators and Representatives of the United States, who have eagerly fashioned the instruments by which the popular will might express and enforce itself, we tender our grateful thanks. (Applause.)

To the officers and men of the army and navy, who have so faithfully, skilfully, and gloriously upheld their country's authority, by suffering, labour, and sublime courage, we offer a heart-tribute beyond the compass of words. (Great applause.)

Upon those true and faithful citizens, men and women, who have borne up with unflinching hope in the darkest hour, and covered the land with their labour of love and charity, we invoke the divinest blessing of him whom they have so truly imitated. (Applause.)

But chiefly to thee, God of our fathers ! we render thanksgiving and praise for that wondrous providence that has brought forth from such a harvest of war the seed of so much liberty and peace !

We invoke peace upon the North. Peace be to the West. Peace be upon the South !

In the name of God we lift up our banner, and dedicate it to peace, union, and liberty, now and for ever more. Amen ! (Great applause.)

In Memoriam.

OH ! slow to smite, and swift to spare—
Gentle, and merciful, and just ;
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power—a nation's trust.

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the anguish of a land .
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done—the bond are free ;
We bear thee to an honoured grave,
Whose noblest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the Slave !

Pure was thy life : its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of right !

W. C. BRYANT.

PREFATORY SKETCH.

BY J. H. ESTCOURT.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was the son of a frontier-man, and was born in 1809, in Harden county, in the state of Kentucky. There were, at that time, no common schools in that state, and therefore he did not receive the advantages of a systematic education. The only elementary education he received was by means of itinerant teachers, who opened schools in various parts of the state, and maintained them as long as subscriptions or fees enabled them to obtain a competence. His father migrated to Indiana in 1816, and subsequently settled in the state of Illinois. He continued to dwell with his parents until he attained his majority ; working with his father for his daily bread, and stealing from the night hours the time for learning.

In 1830 his father removed to another part of the state, leaving Abraham Lincoln at Springfield. His habits of early life had made him hardy, and inured him to work. He was remarkable for steadiness of conduct, integrity of character, and studious habits. The esteem in which he was held by his fellow-citizens was manifested in 1832, when at the age of twenty-three he was elected to represent their interests in the legislature of the state. This honour was again conferred at three other and successive elections.

The ability and skill developed during the two first legislative sessions brought him into the front rank ; and in 1836 he was recognised as the leading man of the Whig party, and one of the foremost political men in the state of Illinois.

In 1837, extreme slavery resolutions (the offspring of the pro-Southern Democrats), were introduced into the legislature, and adopted by a large Democratic majority. Abraham Lincoln, at this early time, was a man of firmness, not swayed by the fashion of the day, but averring manfully the hope that was in him. Against those resolutions he protested ; and in the journals of the House he recorded the following article of his faith, that "the institution of slavery was founded on both injustice and bad policy."

In 1846 he had gained such a prominent position, that he was elected to the national Congress as one of the representatives of the state.

During his Congressional career he fully realised the anticipations of his friends, and obtained the respect of his political opponents. His skill as a debater placed him in the first rank ; the conscientious discharge of all the duties devolving upon him, his careful study and clear comprehension of all that came before Congress, his faithfulness to the principle of "non-extension," and his amiable disposition, made for him a reputation and a renown such as few obtained before or since.

Having adopted the law as a profession, he, at the termination of the Congressional term, declined re-election, and settled down to the promotion of his professional interests at Springfield. He was as successful in this as in political life, and earned the noble title of "honest Abraham Lincoln."

In all the political actions of his state he took a lively interest ; and in 1856 worked zealously to promote the election of General Fremont and Mr. Dayton, the Abolition candidates for President and Vice-President.

By this time the slave power had become exceedingly arrogant, imperious, and oppressive. Not satisfied with the concessions and compromises that for eighty years had been made for the sake of peace, the slave power now declared, in its pomp and pride, that its

ultimatum was :—to make out of the territories of the nation new slave states ; re-open the African slave trade ; and promote, under the “providence of God,” the “beneficent institution” of slavery, for the advantage of all, no matter their colour, who had to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow.

The free people had had an educational experience of nigh eighty years ; they had seen how solemn compromises and sacred covenants were dishonoured by the slave power ; and they had come to the firm decision that, happen what may, the Territories and the Free States should be for free men only, and they adopted as their motto, “No Extension to Slavery.”

Thus, in 1857, we find Abraham Lincoln among the foremost of the “non-extension” or Republican party, and nominated as its candidate for State Senator against the well-known Judge Douglas.

During that memorable contest, his wonderful resources were fully displayed ; his acuteness in dissecting and skill in exposing the fallacies of the slave power, and his thorough manliness of character, were seen to the best advantage. Though defeated, the fruits of those expositions of policy and principle were seen in 1860, when he was named for the highest position the nation could bestow, and was elected President of the United States of America.

Thus, the son of a plain back-woodsman, the daily labourer in Indiana and Illinois, the wayfarer of many years ; with no prestige, but that of honesty ; no escutcheon, but that of work ; no patron, but that of principle ; no force, but that of common virtue—was made, by the free vote of a free people of a great nation, their Chief High Magistrate and Governor.

His farewell address to his home friends at Springfield, on leaving for the seat of government, shews how fully he understood the responsibilities of his coming power.

“My Friends,—No one, not in my position, can appreciate the “sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am.

“Here I have lived, more than a quarter of a century ; here my
“children were born, and here one lies buried. I know not how soon
“I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me which is greater,
“perhaps, than that which has devolved upon any other man since the
“days of Washington. He never could have succeeded except for the
“aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel
“that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained
“him, and in the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for
“support ; and I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may
“receive that Divine assistance without which I cannot succeed, but
“with which success is certain. Again I bid you all an affectionate
“farewell.”

His journey to Washington, the dangers that beset him, his receptions on the way, and his arrival, are matters of history.

On him and his countrymen were poured the vials of contumely and calumny. Men in high places on this side of the Atlantic declared that the “bubble had burst,” and “the republic was doomed.” The press here, in strong sympathy with the press of the slave power there, surrounded his path with innumerable obstacles, raised issues of so dangerous, because so false, a character—and so irrelevant withal—that the maintenance of peace between the old and the new worlds became a matter of intense anxiety and great difficulty.

Mid all the jubilee of foes, the sneers of the indifferent, the fears of the timid, and the diversified and various counsels of friends, Abraham Lincoln turned not to the right or to the left, but in sincerity and patriotism his counsels were conceived, and in uprightness and love all his purposes were executed. His country’s integrity and the people’s happiness were his supreme desire. How equitably he used his power, how wisely he advised and controlled, and how sagaciously he administered, all people now acknowledge, and impartial history will record.

He was too great to heed mean men, too good to fear evil men, too

loving to dread hating men, and too patriotic to revile those who reviled him. With "malice towards none, and charity for all," he governed his fatherland with dignity and wisdom.

Thus his four years were occupied, and in 1864 he was re-elected by the free people of the United States for another presidential term. On the 4th of March, 1865, he undertook again the responsibility of the chief magistrate of the nation. Victory now sat upon the chariot of war, and was enshrined on the peaceful ballot of the people ; unity bound all the free men as one man ; chaos and confusion were in the midst of the slave power, and the throes of desperation and extremity were upon the rebel leaders. In this hour of triumph, and with the history of the past four years before him, the President delivered his memorable and solemn Inaugural Address :—

"Fellow-Countrymen,—At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement somewhat in detail of a course to be pursued seemed very fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

"The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself, and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

"On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, our thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it ; all sought to avoid it. While the inaugural address was being delivered in this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union and divide the effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war, but one of them

“ would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other
“ would accept war rather than let it perish, and the war came.

“ One-eighth of the whole population were coloured slaves, not
“ distributed generally over the Union, but localised in the Southern
“ part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest.
“ All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To
“ strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest, was the object for
“ which the insurgents would rend the Union even by war, while the
“ government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

“ Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration
“ which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of
“ the conflict might cease with, or even before the conflict itself should
“ cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding.

“ Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each
“ invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any
“ men should dare to ask a just God’s assistance in wringing their
“ bread from the sweat of other men’s faces, but let us judge not, that
“ we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered.
“ That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has his own
“ purposes. ‘Woe unto the world because of offences, for it must
“ ‘needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the
“ ‘offence cometh.’ If we shall suppose that American slavery is one
“ of these offences, which in the providence of God must needs come,
“ but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now
“ wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this
“ terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall
“ we discern therein any departure from those Divine attributes which
“ the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we
“ hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may
“ soon pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the

“wealth piled by the bondman’s two hundred and fifty years of
 “unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn
 “with the lash shall be paid with another drawn with the sword, as
 “was said three thousand years ago so still it must be said, ‘The
 “judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.’ ..

“With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in
 “the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish
 “the work we are in, to bind up the nation’s wounds, to care for him
 “who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans,
 “to do all we may to achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace
 “among ourselves and with all nations.”

Such was the last official address of Abraham Lincoln to the nation. Its solemn devoutness, and Christ-like simplicity, touched all who read it; but scarcely had its sympathetic re-action been felt, than the world was astounded by the wail of a nation’s grief at the death of the gifted and beloved President.

On the 14th day of April, 1865, the anniversary of the day when rebellion made war against the nation, Abraham Lincoln, in the quiet of the evening hour, and in the company of those most dear to him, was by the hand of the assassin foully slain.

So ended the earthly life of the loving-hearted, humane, and true patriot. One of the noblest of working men had thus been made the martyr President.

The Honourable Charles Sumner, in a letter to the writer, says:—
 “In assassinating our good President slavery acted naturally, logically,
 “and consistently. . . . For seventy years such things have been
 “done by slavery.”

The culminating crime had now been committed by the slave power, a fitting sequel to a career of blood, atrocity, tyranny, and murder.

All civilization was wounded to the heart by that barbaric act of the agent of slavery, and it reeled, horror-struck, from an association

which had been well nigh cemented by bonds. A nation mourned, as never nation mourned before, for in the departed President had been centered the faith and hope of the African people, and the pride and honour of the Saxon race.

On April 19th the last sad rites were, with abounding honours, celebrated in Washington, whence the funeral cortège journeyed to Springfield, Illinois. Near two thousand miles of American soil was consecrated by the tears and prayers of the hardy sons of toil, the war-worn veterans, the matured and honoured statesmen, the refined and sensitive scholars, the patriotic wives and widows, and the children and orphans of the nation. It was one vast, unparelled funeral procession, in which millions of freemen joined to do honour to the man who, while living, loved freedom and country ; and who, in his death, sanctified the actions of his life.

In Oakwood cemetery, Springfield, Illinois, on the 4th May, 1865, Abraham Lincoln was buried.

“ A voice goes up to bless him
“ From every soldier's grave;
“ While, ‘ God bless Abraham Lincoln,’
“ Cries the land he died to save ;
“ And earth unites to bless him
“ Through all her wide domain,
“ As up to God he humbly bears
“ A million broken chains.”

MANCHESTER,

May 25, 1865.

S E R M O N

ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

BY THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

And Moses went up from the plains of Moab, unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho: and the Lord showed him all the land of Gilead, unto Dan, and all Naphthali, and the land of Ephraim, and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah, unto the utmost sea, and the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm trees, unto Zoar. And the Lord said unto him, This is the land which I swore unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, I will give it unto thy seed: I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither. So Moses, the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord.—DEUT. xxxiv., 1—5.

THERE is no historic figure more noble than that of the Jewish lawgiver. After so many thousand years, the figure of Moses is not diminished, but stands up against the background of early days distinct and individual as if he had lived but yesterday. There is scarcely another event in history more touching than his death. He had borne the great burdens of state for forty years, shaped the Jews into a nation, filled out their civil and religious polity, administered their laws, guided their steps, and dwelt with them in all their journeyings in the wilderness; had mourned in their punishment, kept step with their march, and led them in wars, until the

end of their labours drew nigh. The last stage was reached. Jordan only lay between them and the promised land. The promised land!—oh, what yearnings had heaved his breast for that divinely promised place! He had dreamed of it by night, and mused upon it by day. It was holy and endeared as God's favoured spot. It was to be the cradle of an illustrious history. All his long, laborious, and now weary life, he had aimed at this as the consummation of every desire, the reward of every toil and pain. Then came the word of the Lord to him, "Thou mayest not go over. Get thee up into the mountain, look upon it, and die."

From that silent summit the hoary leader gazed to the north, to the south, to the west, with hungry eyes. The dim outlines rose up. The hazy recesses spoke of quiet valleys between the hills. With eager longing, with sad resignation, he looked upon the promised land. It was now to him a forbidden land. It was a moment's anguish. He forgot all his personal wants, and drank in the vision of his people's home. His work was done. There lay God's promise fulfilled. There was the seat of coming Jerusalem; there the city of Judah's King; the sphere of judges and prophets; the mount of sorrow and salvation; the nest whence were to fly blessings innumerable to all mankind. Joy chased sadness from every feature, and the prophet laid him down and died.

Again, a great leader of the people has passed through toil, sorrow, battle, and war, and come near to the promised land of peace, into which he might not pass over. Who shall recount our martyr's sufferings for this people? Since the November of 1860, his horizon has been black with storms. By day and by night he trod a way of danger and darkness. On his shoulders rested a government dearer to him than his own life. At its integrity millions of men were striking at home. Upon this government foreign eyes lowered. It stood like a lone island in a sea full of storms; and every tide and

wave seemed eager to devour it. Upon thousands of hearts great sorrows and anxieties have rested, but not on one, such and in such measure, as upon that simple, truthful, noble soul, our faithful and sainted Lincoln. Never rising to the enthusiasm of more impassioned natures in hours of hope, and never sinking with the mercurial in hours of defeat to the depths of despondency, he held on with unmovable patience and fortitude, putting caution against hope, that it might not be premature, and hope against caution, that it might not yield to dread and danger. He wrestled ceaselessly, through four black and dreadful purgatorial years, wherein God was cleansing the sin of this people as by fire.

At last, the watcher beheld the day dawn for the country. The mountains began to give forth their forms from out the darkness; and the East came rushing toward us with arms full of joy for all our sorrows. Then it was for him to be glad exceedingly, that had sorrowed immeasurably. Peace could bring to no other heart such joy, such rest, such honour, such trust, such gratitude. But he looked upon it as Moses looked upon the promised land, and then the wail of a nation proclaimed that he had gone from among us. Not thine the sorrow, but ours, sainted soul. Thou hast indeed entered the promised land, while we are yet on the march. To us remains the rocking of the deep, the storm upon the land, days of duty, and nights of watching; but thou art placed high above all darkness and fear, beyond all sorrow and weariness. Rest, oh weary heart! Rejoice exceedingly, thou that hast enough suffered! Thou hast beheld Him who invisibly led thee in this great wilderness. Thou standest among the elect. Around thee are the royal men that have ennobled human life in every age. Kingly art thou, with glory on thy brow as a diadem. And joy is upon thee for ever more. Over all this land, over all the little cloud of years that now from thine infinite horizon moves back as a speck, thou art lifted up as high as the star is above the clouds that hide us, but

never reach it. In the goodly company of Mount Zion thou shalt find that rest which thou hast sorrowing sought here in vain ; and thy name, an everlasting name in heaven, shall flourish in fragrance and beauty as long as men shall last upon the earth, or hearts remain, to revere truth, fidelity, and goodness.

Never did two such orbs of experience meet in one hemisphere as the joy and the sorrow of the same week in this land. The joy was as sudden as if no man had expected it, and as entrancing as if it had fallen a sphere from heaven. It rose up over sobriety, and swept business from its moorings, and ran down through the land in irresistible course. Men embraced each other in brotherhood that were strangers in the flesh. They sang, or prayed, or, deeper yet, many could only think thanksgiving and weep gladness. That peace was sure ; that government was firmer than ever ; that the land was cleansed of plague ; that the ages were opening to our footsteps, and we were to begin a march of blessings ; that blood was staunched, and scowling enmities were sinking like storms beneath the horizon ; that the dear fatherland, nothing lost, much gained, was to rise up in unexampled honour among the nations of the earth :—these thoughts, and that undistinguishable throng of fancies, and hopes, and desires, and yearnings, that filled the soul with tremblings like the heated air of midsummer days—all these kindled up such a surge of joy as no words may describe.

In one hour joy lay without a pulse, without a gleam, or breath. A sorrow came that swept through the land as huge storms sweep through the forest and field, rolling thunder along the sky, disheveling the flowers, daunting every singer in thicket or forest, and pouring blackness and darkness across the land and up the mountains. Did ever so many hearts, in so brief a time, touch two such boundless feelings ? It was the uttermost of joy : it was the uttermost of sorrow—noon and midnight, without a space between.

The blow brought not a sharp pang. It was so terrible that at first it stunned sensibility. Citizens were like men awakened at midnight by an earthquake, and bewildered to find everything that they were accustomed to trust wavering and falling. The very earth was no longer solid. The first feeling was the least. Men waited to get straight to feel. They wandered in the streets as if groping after some impending dread, or undeveloped sorrow, or some one to tell them what ailed them. They met each other as if each would ask the other, "Am I awake, or do I dream?" There was a piteous helplessness. Strong men bowed down and wept. Other and common griefs belonged to some one in chief: this belonged to all. It was each and every man's. Every virtuous household in the land felt as if its first-born were gone. Men were bereaved, and walked for days as if a corpse lay unburied in their dwellings. There was nothing else to think of. They could speak of nothing but that; and yet of that they could speak only falteringly. All business was laid aside. Pleasure forgot to smile. The city for nearly a week ceased to roar. The great Leviathan lay down, and was still. Even avarice stood still, and greed was strangely moved to generous sympathy and universal sorrow. Rear to his name monuments, found charitable institutions, and write his name above their lintels; but no monument will ever equal the universal, spontaneous, and sublime sorrow that in a moment swept down lines and parties, and covered up animosities, and in an hour brought a divided people into unity of grief and indivisible fellowship of anguish.

For myself, I cannot yet command that quietness of spirit needed for a just and temperate delineation of a man whom goodness has made great. Leaving that, if it please God, to some other occasion, I pass to some considerations aside from the martyr President's character which may be fit for this hour's instruction.

1. Let us not mourn that his departure was so sudden nor

fill our imagination with horror at its method. Men, long eluding and evading sorrow, when at last they are overtaken by it, seem enchanted, and seek to make their sorrow sorrowful to the very uttermost, and to bring out every drop of suffering which they possibly can. This is not Christian, though it may be natural. When good men pray for deliverance from sudden death, it is only that they may not be plunged without preparation, all disrobed, into the presence of their Judge. When one is ready to depart, suddenness of death is a blessing. It is a painful sight to see a tree overthrown by a tornado, wrenched from its foundations, and broken down like a weed; but it is yet more painful to see a vast and venerable tree lingering with vain strife against decay, which age and infirmity have marked for destruction. The process by which strength wastes, and the mind is obscured, and the tabernacle is taken down, is humiliating and painful; and it is good and grand when a man departs to his rest from out of the midst of duty, full-armed and strong, with the pulse beating time. For such an one to go suddenly, if he be prepared to go, is but to terminate a most noble life in its most noble manner. Mark the words of the Master:—"Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord, when he will return from the wedding; that when he cometh and knocketh they may open unto him immediately. Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching." Not they that go in a stupor, but they that go with all their powers about them, and wide-awake, to meet their Master, as to a wedding, are blessed. He died watching. He died with his armour on. In the midst of hours of labour, in the very heart of patriotic consultations, just returned from camps and councils, he was stricken down. No fever dried his blood. No slow waste consumed him. All at once, in full strength and manhood, with his girdle tight about him, he departed, and walks with God.

Nor was the manner of his death more shocking, if we divest it of the malignity of the motives which caused it. The mere instrument itself is not one that we should shrink from contemplating. Have not thousands of soldiers fallen on the field of battle by the bullets of the enemy? Is being killed in battle counted to be a dreadful mode of dying? It was as if he had died in battle. Do not all soldiers that must fall ask to depart in the hour of battle and victory? He went in the hour of victory.

There has not been a poor drummer boy, in all this war that has fallen, for whom the great heart of Lincoln would not have bled; there has not been one private soldier, without note or name, slain among thousands, and hid in the pit among hundreds, without even the memorial of a separate burial, for whom the President would not have wept. He was a man from the common people that never forgot his kind. And now that he who might not bear the march, and toil, and battles with these humble citizens, has been called to die by the bullet, as they were, do you not feel that there was a peculiar fitness to his nature and life that he should in death be joined with them in a final common experience to whom he had been joined in all his sympathies?

For myself, when any event is susceptible of a higher and nobler garnishing, I know not what that disposition is that should seek to drag it down to the depths of gloom, and write it all over with the scrawls of horror or fear. I let the light of nobler thoughts fall upon his departure, and bless God that there is some argument of consolation in the matter and manner of his going, as there was in the matter and manner of his staying.

2. This blow was but the expiring rebellion. As a minia-ture gives all the form and features of its subject, so, epitomised in this foul act, we find the whole nature and disposition of slavery. It begins in a wanton destruction of all human rights, and in a desecration of all the sanctities of heart and

home ; and it is the universal enemy of mankind, and of God, who made man. It can be maintained only at the sacrifice of every right moral feeling in its abettors and upholders. I deride the man that points to me any man bred amid slavery, believing in it, and willingly practising it, and tells me that he is a *man*. I shall find saints in perdition sooner than I shall find true manhood under the influence of so accursed a system as this. It is a two-edged sword, cutting both ways, violently destroying manhood in the oppressed, and insidiously destroying manhood in the oppressor. The problem is solved, the demonstration is completed, in our land. Slavery wastes its victims, and destroys the masters. It destroys public morality, and the possibility of it. It corrupts manhood in its very centre and elements. Communities in which it exists are not to be trusted. They are rotten. Nor can you find timber grown in this accursed soil of iniquity that is fit to build our ship of state, or lay the foundation of our households. The patriotism that grows up under this blight, when put to proof, is selfish and brittle ; and he that leans upon it shall be pierced. The honour that grows up in the midst of slavery is not honour, but a bastard quality that usurps the place of its better, only to disgrace the name of honour. And as long as there is conscience, or reason, or Christianity, the honour that slavery begets will be a by-word and a hissing. The whole moral nature of men reared to familiarity and connivance with slavery is death-smitten. The needless rebellion ; the treachery of its leaders to oaths and solemn trusts ; their violation of the commonest principles of fidelity ; sitting in senates, in councils, in places of public confidence, only to betray and to destroy ; the long, general, and unparalleled cruelty to prisoners, without provocation, and utterly without excuse ; the unreasoning malignity and fierceness :—these all mark the symptoms of that disease of slavery which is a deadly poison to soul and body.

I do not say that there are not single natures, here and there, scattered through the vast wilderness which is covered with this poisonous vine, who escape the poison. There are; but they are not to be found among the men that believe in it, and that have been moulded by it. They are the exceptions. Slavery is itself barbarity. That nation which cherishes it is barbarous; and no outward tinsel or glitter can redeem it from the charge of barbarism. And it was fit that its expiring blow should be such as to take away from men the last forbearance, the last pity, and fire the soul with an invincible determination that the breeding-ground of such mischiefs and monsters should be utterly and for ever destroyed.

We needed not that he should put on paper that he believed in slavery, who, with treason, with murder, with cruelty infernal, hovered around that majestic man to destroy his life. He was himself but the long sting with which slavery struck at liberty; and he carried the poison that belonged to slavery. And as long as this nation lasts, it will never be forgotten that we have had one martyred President—never! never! while time lasts, will it be forgotten that slavery, by its minions, slew him, and, in slaying him, made manifest its whole nature and tendency.

3. This blow was aimed at the life of the Government and of the nation. Lincoln was slain; America was meant. The man was cast down; the Government was smitten at. The President was killed; it was national life, breathing freedom, and meaning beneficence, that was sought. He, the man of Illinois, the private man, divested of robes and the insignia of authority, representing nothing but his personal self, might have been hated; but it was not that that ever would have called forth the murderer's blow. It was because he stood in the place of government, representing government, and a government that represented right and liberty, that he was singled out.

This, then, is a crime against universal government. It is not a blow at the foundations of our Government, more than at the foundations of the English Government, of the French Government, of every compacted and well-organised government. It was a crime against mankind. The whole world will repudiate and stigmatise it as a deed without a shade of redeeming light. For this was not the oppressed, goaded to extremity, turning on his oppressor. Not the shadow of a cloud of wrong, even, has rested on the South ; and they know it right well.

In a council held in the city of Charleston, just preceding the attack on Fort Sumter, two commissioners were appointed to go to Washington ; one on the part of the army from Fort Sumter, and one on the part of the Confederates. The lieutenant that was designated to go for us said, it seemed to him that it would be of little use for him to go, as his opinion was immovably fixed in favour of maintaining the Government in whose service he was employed. Then Governor Pickens took him aside, detaining, for an hour and a half, the railroad train that was to convey them on their errand. He opened to him the whole plan and secret of the Southern conspiracy, and said to him, *distinctly and repeatedly (for it was needful, he said, to lay aside disguises), that the South had never been wronged, and that all their pretences of grievance in the matter of tariffs, or anything else, were invalid. "But," said he, "we must carry the people with us ; and we allege these things, as all statesmen do many things that they do not believe, because they are the only instruments by which the people can be managed."* He then and there declared that the two sections of country were so antagonistic in ideas and policies that they could not live together, that it was fore-ordained that Northern and Southern men must keep apart on account of differences in ideas and policies, and that all the pretences of the South about wrongs suffered were but pretences, as they very well knew. This is testimony which

was given by one of the leaders in the rebellion, and which will probably, ere long, be given under hand and seal to the public. So the South has never had wrong visited upon it except by that which was inherent in it.

This was not, then, the avenging hand of one goaded by tyranny. It was not a despot turned on by his victim. It was the venomous hatred of liberty wielded by an avowed advocate of slavery. And, though there may have been cases of murder in which there were shades of palliation, yet this murder was without provocation, without temptation, without reason, sprung from the fury of a heart cankered to all that was just and good, and corrupted by all that was wicked and foul.

4. The blow has signally failed. The cause is not stricken; it is strengthened. This nation has dissolved—but in tears only. It stands four-square, more solid, to-day, than any pyramid in Egypt. This people are neither wasted, nor daunted, nor disordered. Men hate slavery and love liberty with stronger hate and love to-day than ever before. The Government is not weakened, it is made stronger. How naturally and easily were the ranks closed! Another stepped forward, in the hour that the one fell, to take his place and his mantle; and I avow my belief that he will be found a man true to every instinct of liberty; true to the whole trust that is reposed in him; vigilant of the Constitution; careful of the laws; wise for liberty, in that he himself, through his life, has known what it was to suffer from the stings of slavery, and to prize liberty from bitter personal experiences.

Where could the head of government in any monarchy be smitten down by the hand of an assassin, and the funds not quiver nor fall one-half of one per cent? After a long period of national disturbance, after four years of drastic war, after tremendous drafts on the resources of the country, in the height and top of our burdens, the heart of this people is such

that now, when the head of government is stricken down, the public funds do not waver, but stand as the granite ribs in our mountains.

Republican institutions have been vindicated in this experience as they never were before ; and the whole history of the last four years, rounded up by this cruel stroke, seems, in the providence of God, to have been clothed, now, with an illustration, with a sympathy, with an aptness, and with a significance, such as we never could have expected nor imagined. God, I think, has said, by the voice of this event, to all nations of the earth, "Republican liberty, based upon true Christianity, is firm as the foundation of the globe."

5. Even he who now sleeps has, by this event, been clothed with new influence. Dead, he speaks to men who now willingly hear what before they refused to listen to. Now his simple and weighty words will be gathered like those of Washington, and your children, and your children's children, shall be taught to ponder the simplicity and deep wisdom of utterances which, in their time, passed, in the party heat, as idle words. Men will receive a new impulse of patriotism for his sake, and will guard with zeal the whole country which he loved so well ; and I charge you, on the altar of his memory, to be more faithful to the country for which he has perished. They will, as they follow his hearse, swear a new hatred to that slavery against which he warred, and which, in vanquishing him, has made him a martyr and a conqueror. I charge you, by the memory of this martyr, to hate slavery with an unappeasable hatred. They will admire and imitate the firmness of this man, his inflexible conscience for the right ; and yet his gentleness, as tender as a woman's, his moderation of spirit, which not all the heat of party could inflame, nor all the jars and disturbances of this country shake out of its place. I charge you to emulate his justice, his moderation, and his mercy.

You I can comfort ; but how can I speak to that twilight

million to whom his name was as the name of an angel of God? There will be wailing in places which no ministers shall be able to reach. When, in hovel and in cot, in wood and in wilderness, in the field throughout the South, the dusky children, who looked upon him as that Moses whom God sent before them to lead them out of the land of bondage, learn that he has fallen, who shall comfort them? O, thou Shepherd of Israel, that didst comfort thy people of old, to thy care we commit the helpless, the long-wronged, and grieved.

And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march, mightier than when alive. The nation rises up at every stage of his coming. Cities and states are his pall-bearers, and the cannon beats the hours with solemn progression. Dead, *dead*, DEAD, he yet speaketh! Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is David dead? Is any man that ever was fit to live dead? Disenthralled of flesh, and risen in the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life now is grafted upon the infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that hast overcome! Your sorrows, oh people, are his peace! Your bells, and bands, and muffled drums, sound triumph in his ear. Wail and weep here; God makes it echo joy and triumph there. Pass on!

Four years ago, oh, Illinois, we took from your midst an untried man, and from among the people. We return him to you a mighty conqueror. Not thine any more, but the nation's; not ours, but the world's. Give him place, oh, ye prairies! In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads who shall pilgrim to that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism. Ye winds that move over the mighty places of the West, chant his requiem! Ye people, behold a martyr whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty!

Funereal Epigraphs.



"With malice toward none, with charity for all."

"The workmen die, but the work goes on."

"His noblest motive was the public good."

"Great husbandman, though lost to us,
Thou yet hadst time to scatter far the seed
Whose future fruit shall yet redeem the land."

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

"Can barbarism further go?"

"Ours the cross—thine the crown."

"Though dead, he yet speaketh."

"Mournfully, tenderly bear on the dead;
We loved him much, but now we love him more."

"The altar of freedom has borne no nobler sacrifice."

"Illinois clasps to her bosom her slain but glorified son."

"Abraham Lincoln,
We resign thee to God and history."

APPENDIX.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG, 19TH NOVEMBER, 1863.

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last measure of devotion ; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain ; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

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